Mother. What's the matter *Philip?* I thinke your ſuit
in ſecret, tends to ſome money matter, which you ſuppoſe
burnes in the bottom of my cheſt.

Phil. No Madam, it is no ſuch ſuit as to beg or borrow,
But ſuch a ſuit, as might ſome other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then Madam thus, your Ladiſhip ſees well,
How that my ſcandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a baſtard, and no *Fauconbridge.*
This groſſe attaint ſo tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine eaſe,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What ſo I doe, or whereſoere I am,
I cannot chaſe the ſlander from my thoughts.
If it be true, reſolue me of my ſire,
For pardon Madam, if I thinke amiſſe.
Be *Philip, Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtleſſe was as braue a man,
To you on knees, as ſometime *Phaeton*,
Miſtruſting ſilly *Merop* for his ſire,
Straining a litle baſhfull modeſty,
I beg ſome inſtance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to haſt me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers croſſe?
Muſt I accuſe my ſelfe to cloſe with you?
Slaunder my ſelfe, to quiet your effects?
Thou moou'ſt me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Phil. Nay Lady mother, heare me further yet,
For ſtrong conceit driues dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that ſonne,
That carries markes of Nature like the ſire,
The ſonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right; as lineall in deſcent
From him whoſe forme was figured in his face.

Can Nature ſo diſſemble in her frame,
To make the one ſo like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true deſcent?
My brothers mind is baſe, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoiſe not mine:
His conſtitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the ſeat of ſteele:
Nay what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will ſcarcely iudge vs both one countrey borne.
This Madam, this, hath droue me from my ſelfe
And here by heauens erernall lampes I ſweare,
As curſed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you reſolue me not.

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy ar
And vrge no further what thou doeſt require.

Phil. Let ſonnes intreaty ſway the mother no
Or elſe ſhee dies: Ile not infringe my vow.

Moth. Vnhappy taske: muſt I recount my ſh
Blab my miſdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power ſtrike me ſpeechleſſe for a time,
Or take from him a while his hearing vſe.
Why wiſh I ſo, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faulty fruit,
I bluſh, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my n

Moth. And longing die, to ſhroud thy moth

Phil. Come Madam come, you neede not b
The ſhame is ſhared equall twixt vs both.
Iſt not a ſlackneſſe in me, worthy blame,
To be ſo old, and cannot write my name.
Good mother reſolue me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and
My honours loſſe by purchaſe of thy ſelfe,